

otfpsoj iv pVjacT^s TnAvqc x\$ovl irouXvpoTeipfl
 ipTThrrcov, Kal Traaa |3og T6js v^prros OXrj.
 Ofjppg Bfc 9p{ <ic7ova', oupd\$ 8' Crrr6 u^e' &svTO,
 TCOV xai Adxvq 8lpua KonrdaKiov* dAAd vu Kal TCOV
 yvxpos icbv Sidrjcn, 8acrvorfpvcov irep f6vrcov.
 Kai TS 5ia pivoO |3o6\$ ipxerai, oOSf mv tyvei.
 KOCI re 5i* alya drjai Tocvirrpixa* Trcosa 8' oO TI,
 otfveK* ^irr)ETocval Tpfx^S carrcov, oO Sidqcnv
 !s dv^iaou Bopeou, TpoxaA6v 5e y^povra Ti6rjai.
 Kal 5ia TrapfcviKfjs onraA6xpoos oO
 f| TS 86|acov IvrocrOe 91X13 irapa |
 OUTTCO Ipy* e!8uta iroXuxpvaoui; '

KcnraASToi Iv5o6ev okou
 , OT* dvooreos 6v ir65a T^v8ei
 gv T* drrOpcp okcp Kal \$v fjGeai

But the month Lenaeon, foul days that would
 flay an ox-
 Beware of it, and the killing frosts that cover
 Earth, when the blast of Boreas from Thrace,
 Home of swift horses, whips the waves to foam,
 While coast and woodland bellow, and many an
 oak
 High-topped and many a pine with sturdy stem
 In glens of the hills he flings to the kindly earth,
 Till the multitudinous forest roars together
 Under his onset. Then the beasts all shiver,
 Their tails beneath their bellies— even those
 That go warm-coated. Through their shaggy
 breasts
 The cold blast pierces, through the bullock's hide
 It goes, and the goat's long hair; and yet it
 blows not
 Through the sheep's thick fleece. It makes an
 old man run,
 The north wind's violence; and yet it blows not
 Through the soft skin of the girl that sits indoors
 By her dear mother's side, too young as yet
 To know the deeds of golden Aphrodite;
 Bathing her fair face and anointing it
 With oil of olive, soft she sleeps at home
 In the winter weather when No-bones gnaws his
 feet
 By the fireless hearth within his grisly lair.

It is strange, this glimpse of the young girl
 seen from the
 storm-swept ploughland through the door
 of her warm